

Initiative : Fox

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Summary: Bucky wasn't the only super soldier Hydra created, only she comes on very different terms and didn't turn out how they expected her to. Loyal to hydra, she is ordered to kill Natasha. But things take a turn for the worse, and she ends up captured. Can she make it out? Or does she choose to stay? -This is also published on Archive of our own by me-

1. Careful, I bite

~Her brown hair was done up in a nice up-do, red lipstick and simple makeup highlighting her already pretty features, and a deep red gown flowed from her shoulders to the floor, covering a set of black lace heels which her feet rested in. ~

Dirty blue eyes scanning for my next target. I was never sure how they managed to get me into parties like this one, hosted by no other than the son of the man who played a big role in creating me. Stark was throwing another extravagant party, for no reason what so ever, as usual. Or so I was told. I scanned the people attending again, immediately spotting the one I was meant to avoid at all cost, the American super soldier. 'Amerykaniec', that's what I was told to call him. Seconds later my target paraded into the saloon, the Russian red headed woman, 'Rosianka'. Rosianka sat across from the doctor, clearly having some sort of enjoyable conversation with him.

'May I get the pretty girl a drink?' I heard a smug voice beside me. I smiled kindly, like I was taught to, and nodded once.

'A martini please, make it dirty' I said in a sensual voice. The mans' pupils immediately blew wide and he nodded quickly turning to the bar tender purchasing the requested drink. All the while I had my eye set on the red head, who was now making her way to the balcony. Maybe not the best situation, but it would be a lot less messy than doing it in here. Excusing myself from the man, now returning with

two drinks in hand, I made my way to follow Rosianka, a knife silently slipping into my hand from its halter in my sleeve. As I came closer to the red head I smelled a whiff of her sickly sweet perfume, how ironic that choice was considering just who the woman in front of me truly is. A cold blooded assassin, with not a single truthful bone in her body. She deserved to die.

'Beautiful, isn't it?' I asked, the red head quickly flinching and turning. She hadn't noticed me approach.

'yes, it is' she smiled, her pink lips tight and green eyes suspicious, not without reason. As the knife got purchase in her stomach the smile rapidly faded into a strangled cry for help, flailing as she fell to the ground.

'You're letting your guard down, Widow' I smirked standing over her. However my own smirk turned into something a lot more confused when her face broke out in a bright smile. What the fuck did she have to smile about? One more twist and she's dead, her stomach acid will burn her inside out. I brace my arm for the twist, kneeling on one leg for leverage. One last glance at her bloodied face and I twist, but I don't get very far as I feel heavy impact at the back of my head. And then it's all black. Well, for a while anyways. The deafening ring in my ears subsides to the laughter of my mom. Oh mom.

She used to be my anchor, my best friend and my only friend really. We talked about things that were taboo at the time, like sex or the war. Oh what a time, when I smiled and I had her. She was my everything, my love for her unfaltering and unlimited. I know it's a little weird, but she was literally all I had, my father had left when I was too young to remember, and boys? Screw boys. There she was, standing in front of me in the middle of ruined little Bydgoszcz, bombed and in pieces, but she found a patch of green and she tended to it, it was her small project. Rebirth, she called it, creating life out of chaos. I used to laugh at her, why bother? It's just going to get destroyed in the next blitz. But she'd frown at me with that motherly disappointment that was reserved for the 'You'll understand when you're older' speech. She was smiling at me, that bright little smile that came so naturally to her, she spoke but I couldn't hear her. Why can't I hear her? I try walk closer but no matter how many steps I take towards her it seems that I'm still in the same spot. Why? A white light is taking her away from me, no, wait! Mom wait! Please!

'Niet, podozhdite! Pozhaluysta!'

* I wake up to my own screams. The first thing I notice is the incredible pain in my neck, so I rock my head forward, promptly gagging on my own vomit. How lady like. Ok, no more moving my head. As I swallow down whatever my stomach wanted to get rid of the recent events unfold in my minds eye. The widow laying bloodied in front of me, the smile on her face, the impact, the lights out. My head is throbbing now, but at least the nauseousness was leaving. Just as I wanted to take a look around the room, well aware that my hands and feet were tied to this devilish chair, the door swung open, the swish making me even more aware of my head.

'You're awake' It wasn't a question, they knew very well I was awake now, so there wasn't much point in hiding. Lifting my head to return the ice cold glare I was getting from Amerykaniec was hard, but oh so

rewarding when I saw his cheeks promptly flush a satisfying pink.

'Da' keep to single word responses, that's what I was taught by my handler. Single word answers in Russian, it was close enough to my own language that I understood it but I knew maybe 3 words in it.

'Why did you attack Na â€" Black widow' wow he was bad at interrogating. Already giving away her real name. Natalia Romanov, but I knew that already.

'Da'

'Are you Russian?'

'Niet'

'Right...' he sighed in exasperation. He left the very slim file on the table and left the room, the door swishing again, making my head spin. At least the pain was subsiding, there was that. The room was bland, simple gray tones and metal chairs and table, a double sided mirror right in front of me. Smile for the camera! And so I did, though I have a feeling it was more of a smirk. If only they knew they were about to lose me. Completely.

After another agonizingly boring 5 minutes another man entered the room. I anticipated him with a tilt of my head, curious who they'd send next. Only this one I didn't expect. He stared right through me with those ice blue eyes, partially covered by his long brown hair.

'Who are you?' he spoke in Russian, perfect Russian.

'Soldier' I nodded towards him, feeling him still for a second. You may not know who I am, but I know who you are.

'Yes. Who are you' he repeated, turning the chair around so the back faced me and straddling it like an unwilling woman.

'Soldier' I repeated.

'Are you hydra?' his blue eyes still stared into what seemed to be my soul.

'Niet. Ty'* Again he flinched. Yeah, I know you're hydra, winter soldier. I was meant to be your partner, but you just had to run away. And then I got the brunt of Hydraz anger thrown onto me, in many different ways, one more imaginative than the next.

'Not anymore. Who are you?'

'Soldier'

'No, you are not a soldier, who the fuck are you?' he threw his fist and I was sure he would hit me, bracing for the impact but not flinching. My eyes followed the fist until it crashed unceremoniously onto the metal table. I looked back up at him, a smirk on my face. He's weak. They made the winter soldier weak.

'Ty. Weak', again the soldier stilled, my words clearly hitting a weak spot.

'No. I'm stronger than you will ever be.'

'Niet'

'No? Why not?'

'Niet'

'You're hydra.' This time it wasn't a question, his eyes slowly lighting up with realisation as he starts to recognize me. About time, soldier. I don't even attempt to speak, I just nod, a knowing smirk on my face as I start to turn the pill in my mouth. Soon they'll know just how efficient cyanide is.

'Are you here to take me back?' If that was my mission I wouldn't have wasted my time with that woman. Is that how you remember me? A time waster?

'Niet'

'Only use the pill if you are compromised and won't make it out. It's a permanent solution, we can't afford to lose you too, Fox. Before you use it, ask yourself, can you potentially make it out alive? If the answer is yes, hold off using it. Attempt escape, if you fail, bite.' I heard my handlers' voice from the briefing. One thing I don't understand is why they wanted me to attack the widow in a room full of her friends. Sure, it's not the first time I made a flashy assassination; Hydra seems to like them, but in a room full of super humans and the Iron Man, in his very own home? Why do that? Was it a test, to see how much I've improved? But after so many years of loyalty, why would they still want me to prove something? Have I not proven enough? Then it hit me like a bag of bricks. They wanted me to fail. They wanted to get captured. Why though? What was their motive? Did they want to get rid of me? Is that it? Well watch me get rid of myself then.

2. Are you Fox?

'Hail Hydra' I murmur under my breath, and open my jaw slightly to get enough force to crack the shell, but before I'm able to finish my movement a solid cold palm holds my jaw in a bone breaking hold. I swallow deeply and look up again, only to see the soldier staring directly in my eyes, inches away. His eyes are filled with anger and sorrow, why sorrow? I was about to rid you of the only reason you're so afraid and you dare look at me with _sorrow?_

'Tony!' the soldier shouted towards the door, eyes never leaving mine and grip unfaltering despite my best efforts. Seconds later the door burst open and a much more casually dressed Tony Stark walks into the room, about to make some snarky remark I'm sure, but that gets cut off by the soldiers voice.

'I pry her mouth open you remove the pill.'

'Sure thing Robocop, sure you don't want to replace that pill with something else?' Blue eyes roll and Tony kneels in front of me, one

hand on my thigh and one at my mouth. The soldier attempts to force my mouth open, but I use all my energy to counter his assault, to some extent successfully. However the longer I force my cheek muscles to contract this unusually, they start burning and burning, and soon that burning turns into an inferno. Tears roll down my cheeks as I slowly come to the realisation that I'm fighting a lost battle. I have failed you, Hydra. I have failed in my mission, I have failed in my removal, I have failed. Defeated I let my mouth hang loose, Tony swiftly recovering the pill and placing it in a little plastic bag.

'Why?' the soldier asks me again and again, but I'm too defeated to react. I have lost. First I lost my family, then I lost my country, now I lost my second family. By now I know that even if I get out of here, Hydra will hunt me down and kill me. Is there even a point in fighting?

'Winter soldier.' I hear my voice say, yes, that's a plan alright. 'You are merely a dog. One day hydra will find you, and they will do the same things to you they always did. And I will stand there and watch, an amused smile on my face as I always have when they make you suffer. They will take everything from you one by one, and you won't be able to defend them. You never were able to defend them, Soldier. Because now you have grown weak. Just like Widow.' I want to anger him, make him lose control like I know he does when he isn't in cyro for a while. Based on his stiff stature and his shivering hands I take it as a success, so I lean forward as much as my restraints allow me, let a knowing smirk play on my face. Make them think you know more than they do. 'I will hunt them all down, Soldier. One by one. Who should I start with? Mr. Blond and buff maybe? No, I'll leave him for last, see him squirm under me before I cut his throat open and lavish in the sound of his gurgled groans as he succumbs to drowning in his own blood. Nothing quite like dyeing with a pretty woman on top of you, is there?' I barely manage to finish my sentence as my head gets propelled to the left, my cheek burning up again, the muscles underneath already tired from the previous excursion. I let my head loll there as I attempt to regain some vision through rapid blinking, while hear the soldiers breathing through one ear, shallow and quick, intermittent with some deep inhales as he attempts to calm himself. I expected the slap to be stronger. He truly has grown weak.

I turn my head back to him, smirk still in place as I feel a light thick drop roll down my chin. 'Weak' I say.

I hear the door open again and blondie walks in, places a hand on the soldiers shoulder and whispers something to him. Normally I would be able to hear them, but my right ear was ringing an unbearably high pitch in my ear and I couldn't concentrate. The soldiers' eyes drifted to me once more, then he nodded and stepped out, leaving only Amerykaniec and myself in the room. He placed a significantly thicker file on the table. I tilt my head, attempting to look curious.

'I only now realised I never quite introduced myself, I'm Steve Rogers. You probably know me as Captain America, but I have a real name, I am Steve Rogers.'

'Amerykaniec' I'm honestly unsure what he is attempting to play at, trying to make me feel more comfortable by making me think he's human? Is that it?

'Is that what they taught you?' He shook his head. 'Call me Steve please.' I nod, no point in attempting to argue with this man. 'You have a real name too, do you want to tell me?'

'Niet', and again the Captain sighs.

'When were you born?'

'Niet'

'Where are you from?'

'Niet'

Do those people not learn? I won't give them any answers. If I die keeping my secret, I'm ok with that. They have the winter soldier. He trusts them. I do not. The only person I trust is my handler, and he is nowhere to be seen, he sent me on this mission to fail. So do I truly trust this man? I'm not sure. Do I have a choice? No.

'Guess I'll have to resort to this then...' he sighs again, opening the file. A picture flies out, and I recognise it as soon as my eyes fall on the smiling brunettes features, even if the picture is a black and white representation of a bright eyed teenage girl. It was the picture my mother took by the patch of green, before I got myself into this mess. Back when times were so much simpler. Blondie notices my eyes lingering on the picture and goes to reach for it, immediately my eyes snap to his. Shit. I fully expect him to take the picture away, hide it back into the file. But he just puts two fingers on the edge, careful not to touch the glossy surface, and turns it around so it's fully turned towards me. 'Recognise her?' I'm trying really hard not to make some snarky remark. No, idiot, I don't bloody recognise myself from a picture that my own freaking mother took of me in a patch of green that represented her hopes and prayers for a peaceful future.

'Da'

'I'll ask you again, what's your name? If you answer me truthfully this will go a lot easier, believe me.' He smiles at me with that bright American smile that I saw on propaganda posters when I grew up. The same bright smile I was conditioned to remove off his stupid American face. But even despite all my hatred towards the man in front of me, I know that maybe if I cooperate they'll be easier to me, maybe even let me out one day. If I play my part right I might even shorten the amount of time I have to look at that stupid face. Now that's a thought.

'Fox' it's not untruthful, that is my name in Hydra. I haven't heard my real name since my mother called out to me, to stop me from going. Of course I hadn't listened, what 17 year old ever listens to their mother? Especially when given the opportunity to serve the motherland, to honour my country.

'No, that's not your real name. Do you remember it?' Yes, I remember my name. But it hasn't been my name since decades.

'Fox' I repeat. 'Just call me Fox.' I'm well aware that my Slavic accent is heavy, I haven't spoken English in a very long time, having

mainly operated in Eastern Europe and Germany.

'But do you remember your real name?'

'Yes.'

'Ok' he looks at my file again, reading on, his eyes widening at one part in particular and I can't help but wonder what he read. Maybe my kill count. 'You were here during the world war?' What kind of question is that?

'No' He narrows his eyes at me, he thinks I'm lying.

'Says here you were'

'Then it's wrong.'

'Initiative: Fox was signed off by Agent Carter, after Project: Rebirth was successful. You were here, to have it signed off.'

'No, I was at a Nazi training camp about to be recruited for a secret initiative Captain. Your files are wrong.' Lesson number one, never tell the interrogator the full truth, but lace the lie with just enough truth to make it appear truthful. I was in a Nazi camp, but not for training.

'So who was the candidate?'

'Do you think they'd tell me? All I know is she's dead. Initiative: Fox was a failure for Shield'

'How are you here then? You are Initiative: Fox'

'No'

'No? Says so right here.' He kept his eyes narrowed the entire conversation, mistrusting whatever I was telling him. Though this time I'm not lying. I'm not Initiative: Fox, that was Shields idea, and Erskine created the formula. A special concoction to create a female super soldier. The serums were meant for Hydra, whom Dr. Erskine was working for at the time, ordered to test the formulas on American soldiers rather than Hydra's able bodies. However Erskine's loyalties became apparent when Rebirth was a success. He destroyed all formulas and the extra serum in an effort to keep it away from Hydra, but failed to remember the female formula. Needless to say it ended up in Hydraz hands, however, it was incomplete.

'As I said, those files are wrong. I am not Initiative: Fox. If I was, I wouldn't be here.'

'Where would you be?'

'Dead'

3. We need Nat!

**Ok so I only just now realised how much the last chapter got messed up! I'm really sorry! Anyways here's the non messed up version haha!
**

****mun3litKnight** I'm glad you're finding it interesting :) I hope I can maintain your interest!**

****Any suggestions on the pairing, or if there should even be one? I cant decide... Anyways, enjoy!****

'She isn't talking anymore, and whatever evidence we have she calls dumb. God we need Nat here, she'd know how to get through to her' Steve rubbed his face, a heavy eight o'clock shadow adorning his typically clean features as his gaze fell onto the brunette behind the mirror. They had loosened her restraints a bit, even let her have some food as she was locked up for 2 days now. After the initial success of the interrogation using her personal information she just shut down completely.

'I've done some research into Foxy here and what she said isn't false.' Tony piped up from the other end of the table. 'The Initiative: Fox formula, according to Erskine's notes, would result in this genotype. So, Bruce managed to recover some samples from the capsule, though it wasn't much I managed to get a strand and look, there's discrepancies, multiple nonsynonymous substitutions, protein structure's completely different.' Tony excitedly waving his hands at the hovering images of the double helixes as he attempts to explain.

'Bruce, translate please' Steve looked at the doctor clear annoyance visible on his face.

'It means her DNA's 'cooking with gas'', that's what they used to call it right?' Tony answers before Bruce has a chance to get a word in. Steve nods. 'Good, that plain enough for you, gamps? Almost as much as yours, not as much brute force though, looks like Hydra were trying something new.'

'If she isn't Fox, who or what is she?' Steve asked studying the strands closer.

'I know her' came a gravelly voice from behind Steve, Bucky still looking at the glass.

'Well I'd hope so, she was part of your little Girl Scout troop.'

'Tony shut up'

'Language, Steve!' Tony piped up, smirking like the devil. Steve just shook his head and turned back to his best friend.

'What do you remember?' He put a hand on Bucky's shoulder as he looked at his feet, brows furrowed trying to remember what he knew of the girl behind the glass. Steve can hear Tony give a deep, almost sexual groan from behind him, and turns to see the man in question still twirling the Helix, scanning it from top to bottom as if assessing a woman. He then leans into the doctor beside him and whispers 'I think I just came a bit'. Bruce lets out a small whimper of surprise, quickly turning a deep red, while Steve merely groans in frustration, his cheeks however also turning a satisfying shade of pink, while Tony merely turns towards the two super soldiers and lets out a whole hearted laugh. Bucky however chose to ignore that little

scene and concentrated on his AWOL memories.

'She's strong. She withstood my slap with merely a cut on her lip. She was there when they froze me, always. They'd put her in after me, she would go willingly. I don't think I've ever seen her with a gun, but she always carries knives. She could keep up with me when we fought'

'Unsurprising, she is still a super soldier, if a modified one.' Tony was back to going over the test results, papers all over the place as always.

-Fox pov-

Somehow I have the feeling it's been longer than a day. I can't be entirely sure, I've been drifting in and out of restless naps constantly. When they removed the restraints on my hands I thought about fighting, thought about escaping, but when they placed a soup in front of me my stomach almost imploded, hunger suddenly surging through me like wildfire. It didn't take much convincing to get me to eat, even if it was with a plastic spoon, the shitty cheap kind. Steve had brought it in, sat down across from me attempting to make conversation. He was talking about his past in Brooklyn, how he was small and weak back then, but always fighting other boys. He had something to prove, if only to himself. I listened while slurping the tomato soup, but made no attempt at returning the conversation. I'm happy just listening to him, I always was. He left as soon as I had finished my meal, leaving me to my own thoughts again. And from thoughts became dreams, one of the most memorable ones of the beginning of my allegiance to Hydra.

As I was walking to school, or what was left of the building anyways, I saw once more the posters hung up on the walls. Make Germany great again, was the essential message. The building was dull and grey, but it was my school, so I loved it anyways. It was my piece of normalcy in a world of war and destruction, I would meet my friends there and learn new things. Though the latter wasn't always that enjoyable.

'Ana! Ana!' I heard an unmistakable male voice shout from over the hill, running at me with breakneck speeds, a little cloud forming behind him.

'Yeah! What is it?'

'The army is here Ana! They're recruiting!' he jumped up and down excited, he'd always wanted to join the army, but I was worried about him. He had injured his leg when he was young, and now it was significantly shorter than the other, so he had a perpetual limp. Even while walking on a straight road he would sometimes trip and fall, and I wasn't always there to pick him back up.

'Are they now? Feliks you know you probably won't make it in right?' seeing his defeated expression I almost wanted to swallow my words and apologise, but I couldn't. He had to be prepared for rejection; otherwise he would just fall apart.

'I know, but I have to try!' the dejected expression quickly changed to one of determined stubbornness, the kind that never ends well.

'Yes, you do, you never know till you try, isn't that right?' I stand on my tip toes to ruffle the boys black hair, his brown eyes disappearing behind long lashes as he contentedly closes his eyes.

'Exactly' he murmurs out as I continue to pat his hair, it always was his weakness. Despite his one short leg he was easily one head taller than me, then again that wasn't hard considering I'm a mere 5'4.

'Feliks, are you sure going to a Nazi recruitment is a good idea anyways? I mean, you're as far removed from the 'Aryan' race as possible, dark hair, dark eyes, tan skin' Honestly I think you shouldn't go' removing my hand from his hair, I looked into his brown eyes attempting to look strict but it just went right over his head.

'They want soldiers, they really don't care! And I want to serve Ana, I want to fight!' And thus an 18 year old boy turned into a 10 year old having a hissy fit, stomping his feet and huffing and puffing, murmuring something about how I dare say he shouldn't join.

'Ok then, let's go' I sigh heavily, the pit of my stomach churning uncomfortably, a dark feeling raising from it.

Somehow I hear knocking. Where was someone knocking? I turn my head to look at the surrounding area, Feliks looking at me with curiosity, but the knocking continues from an indiscernible direction.

Knock, Knock. Pause. Knock, knock.

'Fox?' Feliks asked me, eyes piercing mine, but they were no longer brown. An ice blue sheen covered the typical warm brown hue that I always cherished in my best friend.

'What?' Maybe this is just a bad dream, maybe this is just a corrupt memory. Please, don't ruin my memories of my best friend. Not him too. Please. I shut my eyes, pinching them as tight as I could. Please let him be normal when I open them again. I beg you brain, please.

'Fox', I hear a voice much lower pitched voice, gravelly and rough. So different from Feliks' soft and warm tones. My eyes open again, only to be shut, as a bright light assaulted my optical nerves. I open my eyes again, significantly more careful now. 'You're awake. Good.' Yeah no, I was enjoying my dream.

'Yes', this time our conversation is in English, clearly his most comfortable language. He sat across from me, the chair was the right way around for once.

'You know who I was don't you' He tilts his head to the right, his eyes a mixture of so many emotions looking in them makes me almost dizzy. Almost.

'Yes'

'What was it like? In Hydra? For you, I mean' he seemed so insecure, as if he didn't remember much. I know he doesn't, but why the

interest now?

'Nicer than for you, most of the time anyways.' He looked up at that, and damn his eyes are so blue, how do I only notice it now? I guess I never got much of a chance to look into them between our fights and watching him get electrocuted into insanity.

'Most of the time? When wasn't it?'

'When the asset escaped I was all that was left. The agents were angry, and that always ends up on my shoulders. Or well, ribs, and arms, and legs, and head, and anywhere that they could strike or cause pain at. But pain wasn't where it ended. Oh no.' He let his head hang again, his dark hair covering his eyes.

'Why are you so curious about this? It's not like you ever cared what happened to me. Most of the time it was you causing all my pain.' I let venom drip from my voice. Sure, he was meant to be my partner, but mainly I was his rag doll of a punching bag, a live moving fricking punching bag. And that's how he looked at me too, like a mere tool for his success. My formula was never meant to be as brutal as his, mine was meant for undercover work, to make it easier to infiltrate and eliminate. Sure I got the enhanced reflexes and some increased strength, but I am no match for the male super soldier. Especially not against his metal arm.

'Because I may not have cared back then, shit, I barely even remember anything. But I want you to know I'm sorry if I ever hurt you.' He looked back up, such sincerity in his voice and face that I frankly almost wanted to hug him. The way his body was completely folded into itself, insecure and scared, reminded me so much of poor little Feliks. I may be a trained assassin, but I am in no way emotionless, no matter how much Hydra wanted to change that.

'If you ever hurt me? Soldier let me tell you, 'if' isn't even a word that should exist in that sentence. I was there so you had someone to punch that would punch back. I was there so you had someone to work all your frustration out on that wouldn't die after the first strike. I was there to help you train and keep your strength up between cyro. Tell me, what do you punch here? What do you fight? A bag? Or just thin air? I can see the pent up aggression in you, Soldier, and it won't leave unless you fight someone, rather than something. Bags never were enough for you, even when you were just after surgery for that arm. You wanted to test it, despite doctors' orders. That was the first time we fought.'

'I'm sorry'

'No. Do not apologise for your own needs, Soldier. Say, what do they call you here? James?'

'Bucky'

'Nice'

'Yeah, I guess' He let a small smile play on his lips, more of a one sided smirk, unused to the new way his mouth could potentially tilt into anything other than that constant scowl he'd wear at the base. Clad in civilian clothes he looked almost normal, except for the fact that he always covered his metal arm, typically using leather I

noticed. 'Why don't you trust us?' He tilted his head like a curious puppy, almost looking innocent, and I would have believed it any day if it wasn't for the fact that I saw him murder several people with my very eyes, that I was on the receiving end of that killer punch, or that I was there to see him blank eyed taking orders in Russian from his handler.

'Why should I?'

'We haven't mistreated you'

'No? I've been held in this very cell for what, 3 days? 4? The only contact I've had was with the very person I was told to from the age of 17 to kill on sight, having to listen to his sob stories of 1940's Brooklyn, given one hardly nourishing meal, I'm not even given a chance to lay down. Nah, not mistreated at all.'

'They accepted me, despite what I've done'

'Are you trying to ask me to join shield?'

'If we let you out you die to Hydra, you don't really have a choice Doll'

'I always have a choice'

'Die or join us and have a chance at living, not really a choice sugar'

'I'd rather die than join you.' I spat in his face.

'Have it your way then' we entered a stare down state, only it wasn't who blinks first, it was who softens first, breaks down first. Both of us stared into blue eyes, except he was blessed to look into my dirty blue ones, while I had to keep an unfaltering gaze into his ice cold ones. A chill ran down my spine, and honestly I almost gave in. What he said wasn't dumb. My choice was extremely limited, either leave this cell and more than likely get hunted down by Hydra, and then death would be a release, or stay here and potentially live, but stay in a cell for the rest of my life. I know that maybe the latter was the better choice, I mean, I get to live. My thoughts return to the present as Bucky stands up and walks over behind me. Inside I know he wouldn't hurt me, but I still prepared myself for the strike. They seem to treat him well enough, you know? But he was Captain Americas' best friend, they knew him before. They know about as much about me as they have on file, and considering how much of that is flat down wrong, I doubt they even know my full name. I feel him play around with my restraints, and then a loud click echoes through the room. My hands fall to my sides, I'd almost forgotten that they are usable parts of my body. Then he kneels on my right, another click, and my leg swings forward. He walks over to my left and does the same. Did he really just release me? Why? 'Enjoy dying.' He remarks and walks out of the room, the door just slightly tilted open as I hear his receding steps.

4. I am an expert!

**So, I'll actually try to keep to my one update a week schedule (yeah right), bit one thing I'd like to say before this starts, bare

in mind Fox is (or was?) ultimately Hydra and she was influenced by them heavily. You'll understand what I mean halfway through the chapter, but I just want to remind you :) Anyways, read on, enjoy and review!**

'Did that really justâ€|' I whisper, taking my wrists into my hands and massaging the angry red marks that were left from the cuffs. 'Yup, that just happenedâ€|' I test my legs, standing up while holding onto the table. They feel like Jell-O beneath me, but as I take a few supported steps I feel the circulation return, and with that so does my strength. More sure of myself, I wave into the double sided glass, maybe the idiots are still in there, and start making my way to the door. It opens noiselessly, only the quiet swish alarming anyone that it just opened, and take a careful look around. The soldier went to the right, and I sure as hell am not following him. I hold onto the door frame for a bit, and think about the current situation, creating a small list in my head.

Ok, so in that order:

- - I infiltrated Stark tower
- - I managed to isolate Widow and stab her
- - I did not manage to kill her
- - I got knocked out by Ameryk â€" Steve (I can tell that shield from a mile away)
- - They interrogated me, using a good cop bad cop strategy
- - They gave me food
- - They loosened my restraints
- - The Soldier attempts to recruit me
- - Fails
- - They let me go

Now, I'm no expertâ€|

Oh wait.

I am.

So, in my humble expert opinion: This bloody stinks. Potential scenarios already play out in my head, traps, tests, and the best of all: This is actually happening for real, all scurrying around my brain looking for my attention.

Ok, plan of action. Do I have one? Nah, who has a plan of action? What is this? A movie? Some pre scripted bull or something? I walk down the left path, the corridor a bland grey colour, much like the room they kept me in. They really don't like colour do they? Then again I'm used to the dirty walls of Hydra bases, often times unclean and speckled with red or other uh, bodily colours. Anyways, back to the tunnel, I hear my own heels click on the hard floors, way to be stealthy Fox, good job you, wear bloody heels more often girl.

Attempting to be quieter I start stepping only on the balls of my feet. The corridor ends with another oh so colourfully grey door, which I duck down at and look through the lock. I'm not a peeping tom, I swear! Well, at least not usually. I can't help it if well trained buff agents change into uniform right next to my gym!

I can see nothing. Oh modern locks, so useless. Well, I'm gonna try my luck. The handle depresses alright, but when I go to push the door it doesn't budge. I try again, using more force this time, but it just won't move. There goes the 'last door left' cliché. That means I have to follow Bucky doesn't it? But I don't wanna! Just as I'm about to walk away from the door it swings open, towards me.

'You should try pulling sometimes' I hear my dear friend Tony from the crack.

'Pull. Of course it's the kind you pull. Stupid me' Tony just smiles at my mumbling, but opens the door wider, showing me another grey room with everyone sitting at a conference type table, the nearest chair empty, probably waiting for me. 'Is this an intervention? I swear I haven't touched chocolate in months.' I put my hands up in mock surrender. Sure, I know this is a shitty situation, and I'll probably have to fight my way out or just not walk out at all, but a few jokes never killed anyone, right? The reaction was pretty much the same throughout the group, aggravated turning of eyes, some more pronounced than others. Tony was simply standing to my right, smile growing wider with each second.

'Sit' I hear the command from the other end of the oval table, where Bucky sat, an air of misplaced authority around him.

'Do you guys hate any colour that isn't a shade of black or something? I mean it's a nice and threatening setting but it gets boring so quickly' I comment as I take my seat.

'They thought it'd be appropriate, I said they should paint this part pink'

'Yeah, neon pink would certainly be more interesting than this'

Tony cracked up again, but Bucky had to ruin the moment by clearing his throat.

'Frankly, we aren't sure what to do with you' he begins, looking around the group for reassurance, all of whom nod their head.

'Yeah I can see that'

'Give us a good reason to not kill you right now'

'Well, that'd be boring wouldn't it?'

'It'd be getting rid of a potential threat.'

'And what'll you fight next? Yourself?'

'Hydra'

'And once that's gone? What's your purpose then 'superheroes'? What'll you do to earn a pay roll? Swoosh down onto the streets and

fight petty thieves? Way to get into the police's good books, fight their crimes. I'm sure NYPD will be incredibly happy to see a drop in jobs for them because lost little Shield puppies don't know what to do with their lives.'

'Then we retire'

I can't help but laugh. Retire. People like the ones I'm setting my eyes on right now don't know what retiring is, they can't just stop doing their job, their job is their life.

'Back to you, Fox, you haven't given us a reason yet' I watch as everyone leans forward to hear my damn good explanation, except, they won't like it. At all.

'I am the Satan to your God'

'Explain' Steve demands, me sullyng his beloved spiritual leader clearly didn't go over well, but bear with me, you'll understand soon.

'Well, since grandpa here has a slow brain, I guess I have to. Take God, your stereotypical Christian do-gooder. But he doesn't have much to do-good, if there is nothing bad to do-good to, right? So there's Satan, the evil-doer. The sinner, the villain to the hero God. Now change that to Hydra and Shield. There is no shield if there is no Hydra, kaphish?'

'Shields aim is to create world peace, hydra is only one of many organisations that stands in the way. Hydras non-existence will further our progress in achieving our aim.' Steve now took over the meeting.

'Hey, hydras main aim is world peace too' a collective snort was emitted from everyone around the room.

'Yeah, I can see that' Steve sat back in his chair, disgust written all over his features as he crossed his arms in front of his chest.

'Think about it mister goody-two-shoes, as long as there is many leaders there is war. Human greed is unrelenting, the grass on the other side is always greener, right?' Tony nodded wholeheartedly while Steve was much more reluctant, nodding to signify he understands, but doesn't agree. Bucky was simply sitting opposite to me listening intently, not moving at all except when I said hydra wants world peace. 'Ok, well, if there is only one leader, there is no greed, yes?'

'Theoretically, because they have everything' Tony adds.

'Exactly, someone gets me! Well, then there is no reason to fight anymore, right? The only fighting that might occur is between the common folk, there greed will prevail. Create a communist world and after 3 generations, tadaa, no wars, no fighting, no conflict, world peace'

'No'

'Of course you don't agree poster child, you represent the American

eagle and crap like that. As long as there is freedom, there is war. Do you not understand that, or do you choose to be blissfully unaware, blondie?'

'She's not actually wrong, on a basic human level that would work'

'Thank you Tony, someone who isn't manipulated by Fox news' The look that Steve sends Tony would make a flower wither in seconds, but the latter held the gaze until Steve couldn't bring himself to continue it, guilt already killing him internally. 'Do you see now why it's best to let me leave?'

'So you are our fox, and we the dogs that chase you'

'That wasâ€|' I lift my finger as if to scold someone, stop mid-air, look up like I'm in deep thought, look back down with a scowl on my face and continue: 'Actually a genius way of putting it' I smile at Bucky, who returned a one sided smirk. Still not used to that tilt there I see. Well it did look sort of handsome, in a bad boy sort of way.

'Yes, so you are the blood hounds that chase the poor little fox that simply wants to feed its starving family, but you have all the chicken in your coop, all huddled together and deliciously warm' my tongue darts out to wet my lips, the motion purely for emphasis, not that I actually want raw bloody chicken, that's disgusting and dangerous, with all the germs and all. Ew.

'She's just a poor little foxy, ain't she?' Tony smirks at the table. Well, I have one person on my side here, there's that I guess. Though I do have a feeling he's on my side purely to spite Steve. But you know what, I'm ok with that. I can see Tony and myself getting along just fine. He puts a hand on my head, simply to show that I don't bite, and I pretend to play along, just to piss off Steve even more. 'Look at her, she's just a little cub' He scratches behind my ear and I let a whimper escape me, content with the attention my hair is getting. Oh wait. I was locked in here for a couple of days. Without a shower. I mean, they let me go to the toilet, but always accompanied, and always only toilet â€" hands â€" back. My hair was probably on a whole other level of filthy. Fair play to Tony for even touching it.

'Tony stop, she's just playing you' Steve said still reclined heavily in his seat, a scowl almost molten into the features of his face.

'Iâ€| I can't even thinkâ€|' I gasp as Tony's fingers move a little lower behind my ear, and you know what? Let's have some fun. A moan escapes my lips, rapidly followed by 'Oh! Oh Tony, yes! Ah, right there! Yes! Please Mister Stark!' yeah, I did just make ear scratching sexual. And yes, it did make Steve flush an unreasonably adorable shade of red.

'Cut it out' Bucky growls from the other end of the table, and I can't really tell if he's pissed at me, or at Tony, but his tone didn't really leave much space for questions. Tony's hand slowly slithers back to his side, but I let my head tilt after it, craving for more contact. Ok, I'll be honest, I love being pet. Especially on the head. I'm just a big puppy in a girls' body. Seeing my motion

Bucky gives me a fatherly scold, his eyes much warmer than before. Maybe he just needed someone to care for, like homeless people need a pet.

Now that's an interesting theory, why so many homeless people have pets. Ever heard of it? I guess either way now you will.

So, people who are in the dumps, figuratively and in some cases literally, tend to have a pet as proof that they can take care of something. It's human nature to care, so homeless people get themselves a puppy or rabbit or whatever it is that floats their boat, to prove to themselves they can take care of it. Because if you can take care of something, you can take care of yourself, right? Well that's how they think anyways. True or not, I'll leave that with you to ponder on.

'We will be right back' Bucky looks at me again, ensuring I heard him before he nods at Steve and Tony to move, which both promptly do. They stand at the other end of the room, and one taps the wall, a hidden door sliding open quietly. After all of them stepped out I heave a heavy sigh.

Of course there's a hidden door. How can't there be one. Stupid Fox, stupid.

5. Dust Flecks

Sorry for the delay, I was away going to a conference and getting drunk (Mainly the second hehe) so anyways, heres the next chapter! Enjoy, and review please!

Also massive thank you for the follows and favs! Love you guys! :D

As I attempt to find something to occupy my mind that isn't thoughts (thoughts are bad, always bad), I start to count the specks of dirt on the wall. 1,2,3,4â€¦

108,742 dust flecks later I hear the typical swish of a door opening. Only this time it's the one behind me. 108,743.

'Are you guys walking in circles or something?' I don't even bother to look back, but the silence that prevails and the stillness of the body behind me make me turn around. I'd expect them to know I'd have some sort of remark about this, why are they so quiet now? I turn around. 'oh' I gasp, 'Hi birdy, wait no, you aren't birdy. Well I guess you areâ€¦' I rest my hand beneath my chin, lost in thought, is he birdy, or is he hawk? But a hawk is a bird so technically he's a birdy, but then what is that guy with wings? He's Falcon, and that's a bird too! Those guys just love to confuse people like you and me, don't they? Well, maybe just me. Ah crap. I lost count. Now I have to start again.

'Hawkeye' He introduces himself stiffly, his arm out for me to shake.

'Oh I see you have better manners than the mental institution behind the secret door' I take his hand and shake it enthusiastically. He cracks a small smile but it dies swiftly as he realises it.

'Who are you? Another recruit?' he takes the seat beside me and places his bow on the table gently, he must love that piece of equipment.

'Sounds like they try to recruit a lot. Well, unless being held for several days against my wishes, being given one tomato soup, though I must say it wasn't bad, having to listen to Steve reminisce about old times and Bucky growl occasionally is part of the recruitment process, no. I'm not another recruit. I'm the girl that tried to kill the spy, woman, thingâ€¦ I guess.' The reaction was immediate, the man jumped to his feet and took a few steps back, his bow ready to go and arrow in hand.

'You guess?'

'Well yeah, I know I failed, but now they're behind the secret door trying to decide whether I live or not, fun!' I smile, what else could I do? They're back there debating my verdict and I'm here having a nice conversation with Hawky. Birdy. Hawky. Yeah, Hawky is the best nickname. Yeah. I wonder how high he can shoot that thing. Maybe high enough to hit a helicarrier? Oh that'd be fun! How far can he sh-

'Yeah, you failed.'

'Well, I just said I know that, get with the record Birdy.' I reprimand myself mentally, 'Hawky' I correct.

'Hawkeye'

'Shut it Hawky, you're Hawky till I either die or decide you're too boring to give you a nickname. Consider it an honour.' Just as I finish my little lecture the secret door swishes open and a very unhappy Tony Stark steps in, his frown becoming a smile as he sets eyes on Hawky, who is now awkwardly letting the bow hang, seeing as I have no intention of attacking him. Yet.

'Oh hey birdman, I see you've met Foxy here' He motions as if introducing us to each other, then sits across from me.

'Foxy?' Hawkeye asks.

'Hawky, nice to meet you' I give my hand as if letting him shake it again, but just as he goes to grab for it I pull it back and run it through my hair. God I need a shower. I hear Tony snicker while Hawk simply looks at me halfway annoyed halfway amused. Well, he had part of a humour anyways. It was a start.

'Foxy, we came to a decision by the way' Tony turned back to me, smile faltering. Can I relax? Am I let go? Argh, the suspense is killing me! (Possibly literally)

'Yeah?'

'Yeah. Dogs need a fox to chase away from the chicken coop, as you so aptly put it. However!' He raised his finger and wagged it at me. 'Under the condition that I get a sample of your blood!'

'You're letting her go?' Hawky sounds so cute when he can't believe

what he just heard!

'Well, yeah' Steve walked in behind Bucky, who stood by the wall with his arms crossed.

'Oh is this Christmas? It is isn't it?' I chant jumping up and down on the spot, excited beyond belief. Oh I was let go! Yes! Then I started to truly think about this. Oh. 'Ohâ€¦ Oooooohâ€¦' my face fell and I stopped hopping. Hydra. I completely forgot about Hydra. Well crack a doodle doo.

'I thought you'd be happy?' I heard Steve smirk, yeah, I heard him smirk, the ass had a smirk so big I didn't even need to look at him. What â€¦

'Oh I am. Well, I guess I am? I'm not sure'

'You guess a lot, don't you?' I hear Hawkeye from beside me, much closer now that the room was getting crowded.

'Huh? Oh, yeah. I guess I do. Hah! I did it again. I kind of operate on guessing, I guess?'

Ok, brain, relax.

But they basically sent me to death row, a sample of blood the only proof I lived!

I said relax.

Butâ€¦!

Relax.

I play some classical music in my head, in an attempt to drown out my conflicting thoughts, but somehow that nagging little voice still managed to overpower the strong tones of Tchaikovsky.

They want you dead.

No they don't, shut up.

Why else would they send you out? They want you dead.

No, I said shut up.

They want you dead Fox, everyone wants you dead.

I SAID SHUT UP, I now shout in my own head. By now I realise that I've been in my head for quite a while, I just hope they aren't trying to talk to me.

Everyone wants you dead Ana.

Don't call me that.

Ana.

Stop.

Anastazja.

STOP.

'I said fucking STOP!' I shout with all my might in my head, but the collective gasp from around me made me painfully aware that it wasn't just in my head. 'Iâ€| said that out loud, didn't I?' I opened my eyes to look at the group, Steve and a recently arriving Bruce stunned into silence, Bucky nodding his head mouthing a 'yeah' and Tony merely had his arms folded, a scientific look on his face, as if to say 'I'll research that later'.

'Yeah, you did' I hear Bucky say louder, snapping Steve and Bruce out of their trance.

'Uh, sorry about that' I awkwardly giggle as I raise my hand behind my head, rubbing the back of it, as I look around the group again. Steve and Bucky stood closest to me, probably thinking I was having an episode similar to Bucky's ones. Bruce and Tony stood across from me, whispering amongst each other but still holding eye contact with me. Hawky simply stood in a corner disinterested, or at least pretending to be.

'You ok?' Bucky asked, his hand hovering over my arm as if debating between comforting me or not, but my flinch as soon as I noticed that move made him decide against it, the arm unceremoniously falling to his side.

'Yeahâ€| I better go then, don't want to be any more of a pain in the ass, I guess' I giggle again, rubbing the back of my neck some more, it's 100% leaving a red mark, I'm sure of it. I'm really starting to realize what all that entails. First shield, or the remnants of it anyways, offer me, a bat-shit crazy girl, an improvised asylum and now they send me to the people that created me. I'm well aware of what I am made for, and how Hydra want me to be, unlike the Winter Soldier was. I'm also well aware I am only a fraction of the things they want me to be. Getting rid of me was their ultimate plan. Oh am I aware of that now. So they failed at getting rid of me the convenient way, letting me get KIA and brush it under the rug as another attempted terrorism attack. But that failed. And now they will chase me down. They won't stop until I'm 10-feet under, as 6 simply won't cut it. And even then they will dig up my remains to make sure I'm gone for good. And that ape of a blond poster boy is smirking while sending me to certain death.

They want you dead, the voice in my head repeats for the hundredth time.

Yeah. Yeah, they want me dead. I finally agree.

I turn on my heel, an enthusiastic smile on my face. I will not give this ape the satisfaction of seeing me breaking down. No, I'm not going to go down without a fight. I let my eyes scan the male crowd, my eyes lingering on my former literal partner in crime, and the brown eyed scientist that I may not have shared many jokes with, but the ones I did were wonderful. Tony, despite what seemed his best efforts, didn't manage to hide the sad glint from his hypnotising brown, and that little emotion almost made me want to take up shield's offer. I haven't had such an emotional bye in years, especially seeing upset in someone whom I barely know. The last time

that occurred was when I was holding a brown eyed kid in my arms for the last time. I wave them all goodbye, and so I turn on my heel, and walk away. My stiletto is clicking on the familiarly coloured floor as I walk. I'd like to think that the clicking had an air of finality to it, the final time I'm wearing those ankle crushing shoes. The final time I'm wearing any shoes, realistically.

End
file.